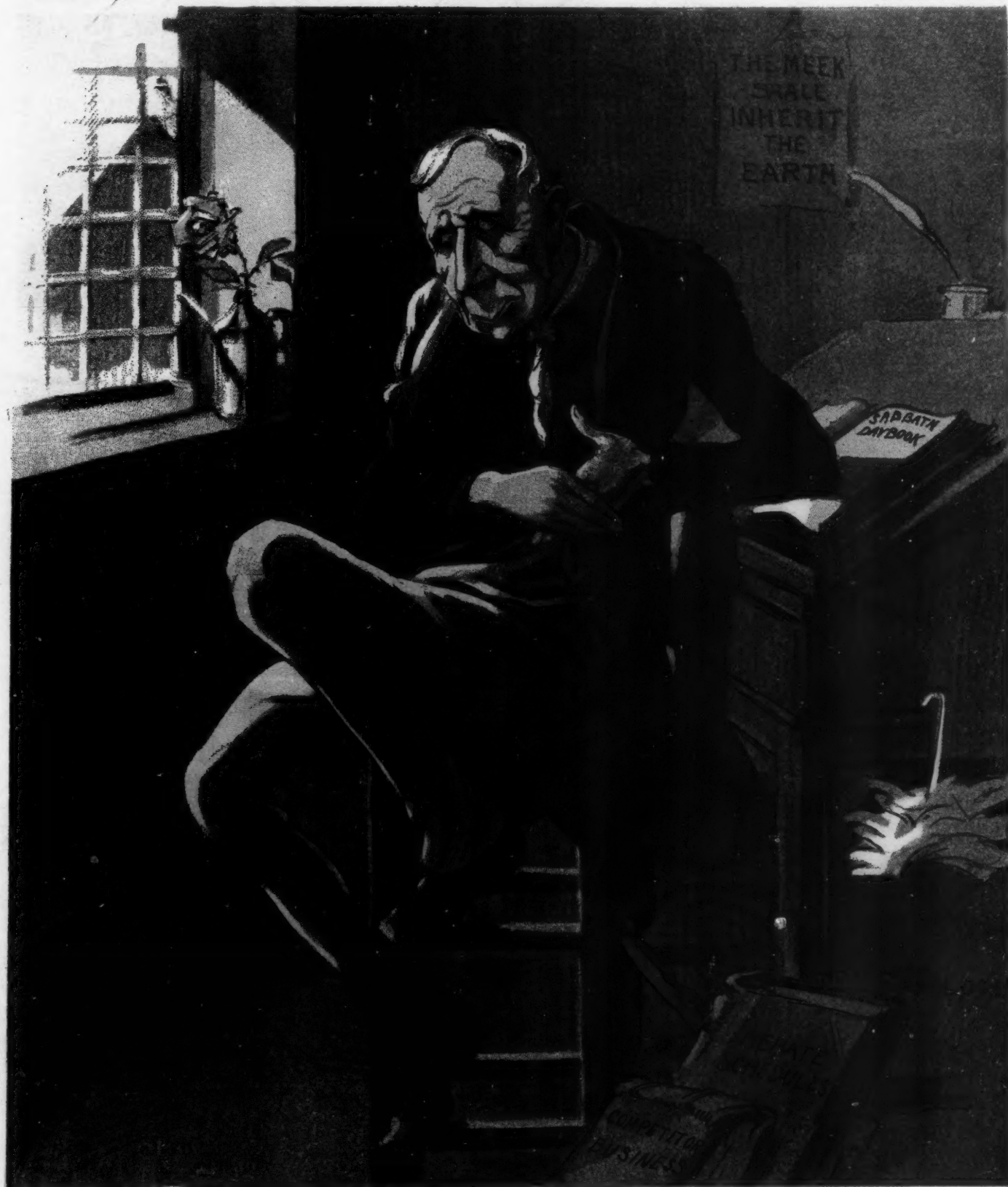


Copyright, 1907, by Keppler & Schwarzmann.

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.



THE AMERICAN URIAH HEEP.

"Men, I want to tell you that systematic saving and self-denial, with a good deal of hard work, form the foundation for every large fortune. That has been my experience" — John D. Rockefeller



KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN
Publishers and Proprietors
205-309 Lafayette Street, New York

PUCK
No. 1588. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 7, 1907
A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

Published every Wednesday. \$5.00 per year.
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance

"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

"HAYWOOD FOR PRESIDENT!" cry the Socialists. To which might be added, "Harry K. Thaw for Vice-President. Platform: Labor and Capital Conquer Everything."

BRYAN lacks only one thing, as far as I can see. He does not seem to possess the fine tactful judgment.—*Senator Tillman.*

True. Where would Mr. Roosevelt be if it were not for his "fine tactful judgment"?

A PROSPERITY that requires to be "steadied" by defaulting pledges to remove war taxes, is on a wrong basis.

"CRITICS MUST be considerate," pleads a London journal. Good Lord! they are so "considerate" now that if one of them accidentally roasts a book, the publisher makes a roar and the paper apologizes with office-written puffs of the book in question. Considerate? Please pass the vinegar!

THE RESULT of the Haywood trial is a proof of the inherent justice of the American people.—*Lawyer Darrow.*

Why not rely more on this sense of justice and less on dynamite?

WHAT THE Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina has been completely overshadowed by what the Governor of North Carolina said to the Southern Railway.

ADLAI E. STEVENSON favors Bryan. Who woke him up?

SEVERAL of the chief Swiss glaciers are reported to be shrinking. This ought to be sufficient reason for our Ice Trust to boost the price of the commodity.

OF ALL the comic supplements published we vastly prefer the New York Times' "Saturday Review of Books."

THE only way to be perfectly happy is to do good to others.—*Pious John.*
In which case, how excessively unhappy Mr. Rockefeller must have been in the early years of Standard Oil.

BEER in the form of tablets is the latest. "Drink it while it's boiling," as the amiable barkeep remarks when he shoots the carbonic.

WE DO not waste sympathy on persons like Ouida and Bob Fitzsimmons, who make fortunes only to throw them away; but there is something in the suggestion that if the American publishers who pirated her works were to hand over a small percentage of their takings, it would ease Ouida's declining days.



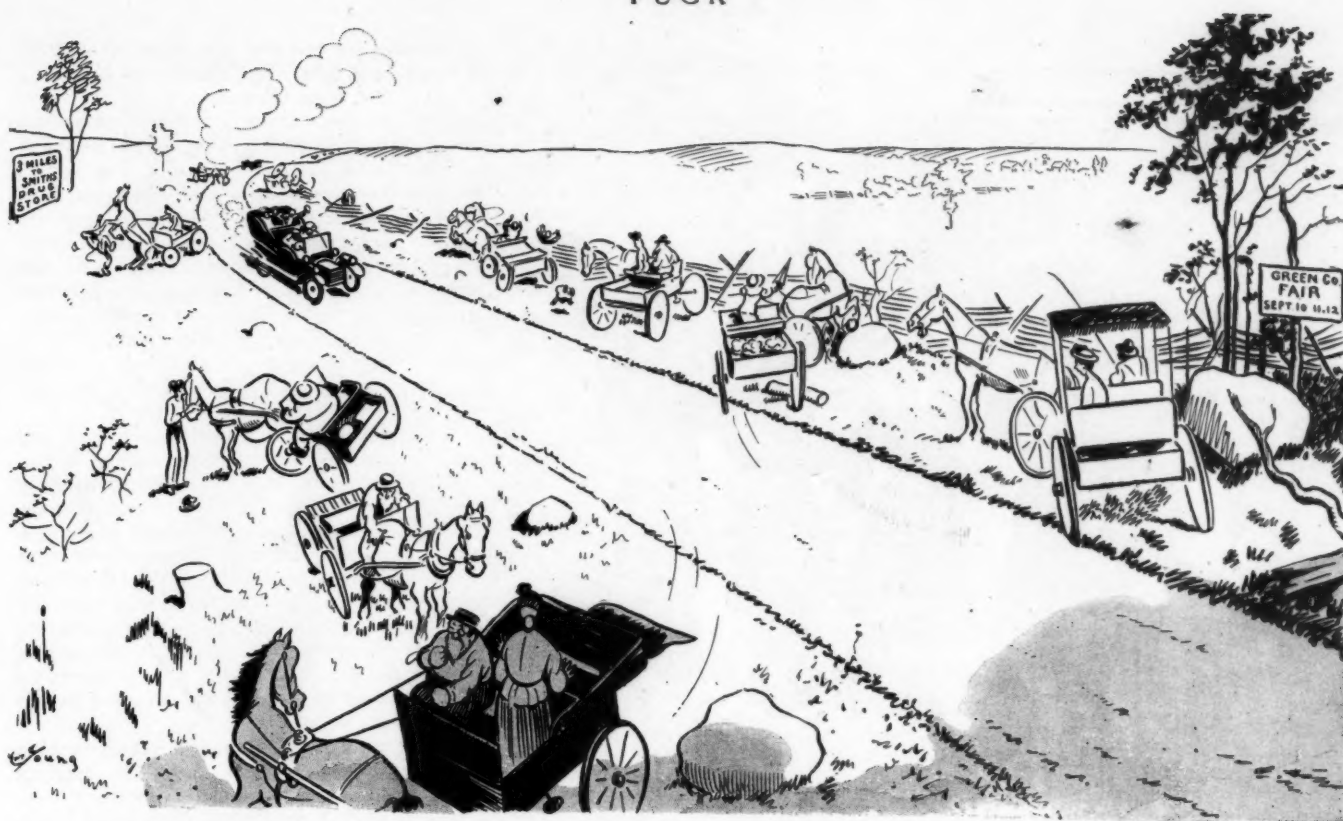
LES UNDÉSIRABLES.
"CONGRATULATIONS!"

THE "woman of the house" who is unable to find a "wash-lady" this summer, cannot understand the objections to Chinese and Japanese immigration. "I don't work unless I have to," serenely observes Mrs. O'Shaughnessy. And the sight of a Chinaman at work irritates her exceedingly.

AT THE Socialist summer school which Bernard Shaw is maintaining on the coast of Wales, the "Control of Sweating" is to be discussed. Our experience has been that it is not wise to try to control it, especially in Summer. Frequent bathing is better.

THERE IS a difference between the tramp, the hobo and the bum — *Chicago Authority.*

Exactly. One dislikes water, one loathes water, and one has a deep-rooted antipathy to water.



AND THE FARMER PAYS THE ROAD TAX.

BALLADE OF THE TOPICAL SONG.

[Provoked by the bold manner in which it is usually "lugged" in.]



FROM the number of popular phrases
It is easy to pick out a few;
From vernacular's mistified hazes
To find a clear sentence or two.
But slang, though too saffron of hue
In the speech of the best to belong,
Is—let's give the devil his due—
It is good for a topical song.

In the field of amusement one grazes Away from Maude Adams or Drew, Where musical comedy raises The hope that a laugh may ensue— The hope of a wheeze that is new— But the trusting young browser is wrong. If a chorus girl only says "Boo!" It is good for a topical song.	O trail with a billion of blazes! O tricks that are trieder than true! The musical comedy phases Are sad when we come to review: Comedian enters R. U.; He "crosses" and strikes at a gong— Enough—it's a musical cue. It is good for a topical song.
--	---

L'ENVOI.

Librettists, come give us in lieu
Of silliness, something that's strong.

Perhaps, if you read *this* all through,
It is good for a topical song.

Franklin P. Adams.

THE BLESSEDNESS OF GIVING.

THE tremendous benefactions of Carnegie and Rockefeller are having the effect, we are told, of giving the small-fry philanthropists cold feet and scaring them out of the game, until it comes to the pass that the man who has only the beggarly \$100,000 or so, to bestow, evinces a decided disposition to buy fun less expensive, if likewise less intense, with his money.

This goes far to suggest that philanthropists are but flesh and blood, after all, and hanker not to enter in a race where they are to be not only beaten, but distanced at the post.

The widow's mite is unexceptionable, of course, and it seems a pity that nobody hears the widow's name thundering down the ages.

KNEW WHAT WAS COMING.

MRS. BOOFER (*meditatively, over her book*).—How true this is!
MR. BOOFER (*bracing himself*).—Well, Maria, don't keep me in suspense. What *is* it about us men?



EARLY TRAINING.

LITTLE JOHNNY ROCKEBILT.—You won't give me away, will you? There'll be a kid in here in a minute huntin' for me.

THE CALLER.—Playing hide-and-seek, Johnny?

LITTLE JOHNNY ROCKEBILT (*disdainfully*).—Hide-an'-seek nothin'! We're playin' subpoena-dodgin'.



THIS WAY?

The Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church is to break away from the extreme conservatism that has always marked its career and undertake in a popular way the evangelization of non-churchgoers who live in the district around Fifth Avenue and Fifty-fifth Street.—*News Item.*

bein' much put out when he see her alive and talkin' on th' hotel piazza when he come back from a day's fishin' last night."

"How yeou talk!" said Aunt Hannah.

"I'm a-goin' t' be a great benefit t' our Summer visitors in teown, an' provide interestin' entertainment for Niece Matildy immediately after her arrival at our home," said Uncle Heck, in tones of profound conviction.

"The Hayseed party is goin' t' be held on our piazza at eight o'clock t'morrer evenin' and Mis' Marietta Flarney is a-goin' t' be th' guest of honor at it! She talked t' me about eleven hours one day last summer, an' I've bin thinkin' of her case durin' th' winter. My heart jest went out t' Charlie Bugbee when I come by th' hotel las' night an' see Charlie a writhin' an' a shiftin' an' a squirmen' in his chair an' Mis' Flarney's jaw movin' swiftly to an' fro."

Uncle Heck rose from the kitchen chair, and started for the barn with a determined air.

Half Woodsville was clustered on and about Uncle Silas Heck's broad piazza the next evening. His city niece Matildy sat just inside, playing on the old melodeon and flirting simultaneously with a large-eyed young man of Woodsville. The minister was there; the Bugbee family, seated at some distance from Mrs. Marietta Flarney, who was talking voluminously. Eben Burdock Wright was making ice cream in the rear of the premises; frequently his severe language could be heard when young Bill Bugbee turned the garden hose on him.

The festal spirit was at its height when amid a breathless hush Uncle Heck placed his arm fondly on the back of Mrs. Marietta Flarney's chair and began speaking in a gentle persuasive way: "Ladies and gentlemen, neighbors, and visiting folks, I hev t'night t' interdooce t' yeou a new an' entertainin' game of my own invention. This ere gatherin' is called a Hayseed party. The game of th' evenin' is that I shell give to each person playin' a certain num-

UNCLE HECK'S HAYSEED PARTY.



GUESS," said Uncle Silas Heck, of Woodsville, Conn., as he returned from the post-office and sat down in his kitchen, "I guess I shell hev t' give a Hayseed party t' th' city folks in our midst."

"Hayseed party?" repeated Aunt Hannah, in an interrogatory tone. She pushed back her gold-rimmed spectacles and looked with a calm, steady gaze into Uncle Heck's benevolent countenance. Uncle Heck's whiskers were one year's growth longer than in the summer of 1906, but his fine old face was as honest as ever, and his keen eyes shone with a kindly light.

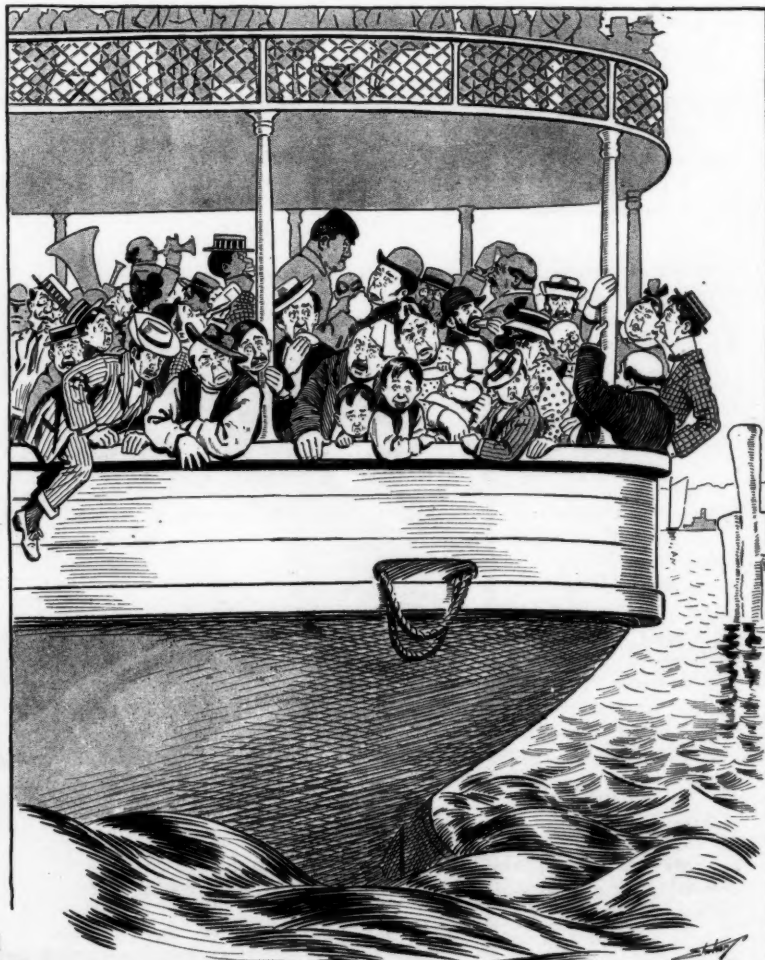
"Y'ep," he said, cheerily; "Niece Matildy is comin' deown from New York City t'morrer, accordin' t' this 'ere letter I'm a-holdin' in my hand, an' yeou know Matildy. Matildy likes t' see somethin' goin' on!"

"Thet's so," said Aunt Hannah, reaching for the letter. "Neow what I wuz thinkin'," resumed Uncle Heck, picking a piece of straw from his blue overalls, "wuz this. Here's Charlie Bugbee an' family arrived in teown, and if ever there wuz nice folks, it's Charlie an' his pretty wife, and his young son Bill.

"Also Mis' Marietta Flarney of New York City hez arrived.

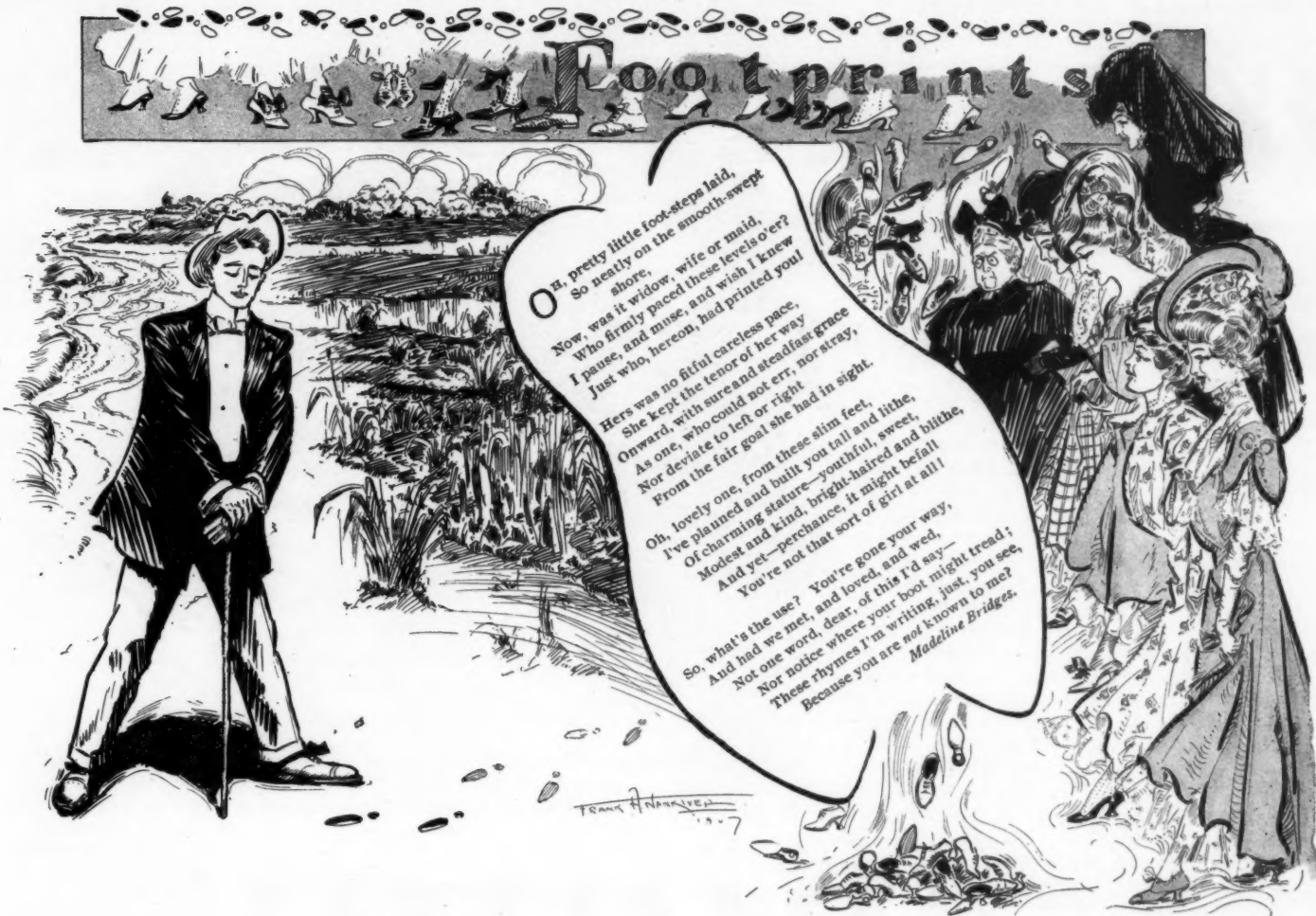
"Mis' Flarney talked th' hull village nigh t' death last year, but she's got jest ez much talk left as ever, an' it's jest ez durn fool talk as ever. Mis' Flarney ain't over popular with Charlie Bugbee and his pretty wife and his dashin' young son Bill, bein' ez how they boarded at th' hotel last year with her an' had t' listen t' her everlastin' talk till Charlie wuz most drove t' drink, an' th' boy ran away and wan't heard of for a week, durin' which his pretty mother hed nervous prostration.

"Neow what I propose is a Hayseed party t' start th' season right. I shell invite Mis' Flarney—she always goes t' everythin' whether she's invited or not, and besides we'd certinly need her t' make this 'ere party I'm a-thinkin' of a real grand success. I've got t' give th' party right off in order t' keep Charlie Bugbee in teown, 'cause he's thinkin' of packin' up an' goin', havin' understood Mis' Flarney had died durin' the winter, an' he



SUMMER FICTION.

"SUCH A RELIEF TO GET AWAY FROM THE CROWDED CITY!"



ber of hayseeds. Neow, th' first rule of this 'ere game is thet each person shell count his or her hayseeds in absolute silence, bein' bound t' speak no word whatsoever until the full number of seeds received shall be counted. Upon accurately ascertainin' the exact number of seeds as received, the person havin' finished his or her count must whisper t' me th' number, and then immediately leave this 'ere piazza, an' go around t' th' lawn in th' rear of my residence, where ice cream will be served on said rear lawn, and festivities will proceed till turrible late. Neow, does everybody agree t' th' rule of silence durin' countin'?"



There was a unanimous chorus of "Yes."
Uncle Heck produced a small bottle filled with hayseed, and doled out a pinch to each and all—except Mrs. Marietta Flarney.
"Neow," warned Uncle Heck, "not one word durin' countin'!"
"You haven't given me my portion!" said Mrs. Marietta Flarney, excitedly.
"Dew yeou agree to the rule of the game?" queried Uncle Heck.
All eyes were turned upon Mrs. Flarney. Every person present ceased counting seeds.
"Why, of course! Of course! Certainly! Why, the idea! Yes, indeed—"
But Uncle Heck had disappeared around the corner. The players of the new game watched Mrs. Flarney, and breathed heavily.
In another second Uncle Heck reappeared. On his broad back was a four bushel sack. "This is yeour portion," said Uncle Heck, gallantly, depositing the four bushels of hay seeds beside Mrs. Marietta Flarney.
The titters which arose from the guests upon Uncle Heck's piazza were almost unmannerly.

Fred. Ladd.

THE USUAL THING.

"HERE, NOW! What in gigadab is all this rumpus about?" demanded the Average Citizen, thrusting his head out of a second-story window of his domicile and glaring indignantly down at the disturber below. "Who are you, and why in the name of the bird with the broad and sweeping wing are you trying to break into my house?"

"I am Opportunity knocking at your door," was the reply. "Kindly descend at once and admit me before it is everlastingly too late. I am in great haste, as, despite my best efforts, I am running far behind my schedule."

"Well, then, glide along, rolling your hoop and disposing of your War Cries," somewhat sarcastically answered the Average Citizen. "You will have to get yourself identified before you can do any business with me. I have been led to believe that you must bear a marked resemblance to a page advertisement in a Sunday newspaper and make a noise like an investment which is guaranteed to pay a dividend of forty per cent. in the near future. Possibly you are all that you claim to be, but you look more like Hard Work to me."

THE DOMINANT SEX.

VAIN MEN are like roosters who crow and who shirk
While the hens lay the eggs and do all of the work;
And, like roosters, men think they must govern the rest,—
That their sisters are only lay members, at best.

TOO DANGEROUS TO BE TRUE.

HEZEKIAH.—I won't deny that I sent a subtertoot when I wuz drafted durin' the war;—fact is, I'm proud uv it! That there subtertoot told me hisself that he killed more'n a hundred an' fifty rebels!

OBADIAH (*dryly*).—I've heerd that subtertoots wuz dangerous but you can't make me swaller that yarn!

Capital is the mother-in-law of invention.

PUCK

A DEARTH OF EXCITEMENT.

"WELL, no, I reckon not," confessed Mr. Jig Pollard, a prominent citizen of the Gobbler Scratch neighborhood, who had casually oozed into the sanctum of the able editor of the Polkville (Ark.) *Weekly Clarion*: "I don't b'lieve I know of anything goin' on out my way. I just sorter dropped in to howdy with you, and—aw, well, there was a feller, forgot what his name was, that moved over from some'rs or nuther—bought a patent ridin'-saw from an agent, and the first time he tried it, it sawed him in two, mighty nigh. But that didn't amount to nuthin' special—he had a hare-lip."

"Well, and—oh, yes, come to think, there was a little suthin' goin' on at the shed-meetin' over in the holler, last Friday night. A man by the name of Swank came for'ard wired by his foot-strap to the tail of a Cherokee cow, one o' them excitable, blue-gray, or gray-blue, varmints that are half race-horse and half hyena. He was about half-a-mile away, or mebbly fu'ther, when he started in to milk the cow, and hadn't really reckoned on attendin' the revival, as far as he'd figgered. But you can't peer into the future, you know; and the first thing he noticed was that he was rippin' off across the face o' nature as the crow flies, clawin' at the grass and imaginin', I reckon, that he was pullin' up the surface of the earth and fetchin' it along with him as he came, a passin' dog, or suthin' that-a-way, havin' sorter frightened the cow. Just at the time when the preacher was callin' on old Satan to come now, come a-roarin', and take unto himself the stiff-necked and rebellious sinners that had had line upon line and precept upon precept, or suthin' of the sort, thundered into their ears for centuries and still scoffed at the blessed Gospel-uh of Salvation—uh, this feller, Swank, arrived, knocked into forty different directions the big camp-fire that lit up the occasion, and set the shed and right smart of the congregation ablaze, and stopped in the hot embers, Swank did, while the cow went on, and 'most everybody else slid into the creek or up trees accordin' to the dictates of their own consciences, under the impression that the Old Heck had got there. But there wasn't nuthin' specially strange about it, though, when they finally found out that he had wired the cow to his boot to keep her from purely switchin' his blasted brains out, while he milked her, with the knob of petrified mud that's been on the end of every cow's tail since the foundation of the world, mighty nigh."

"I reckon I'll sorter go—Ho, though! The weddin' of Miss Gladys Mae Sprawl and Tilden Tolliver, which took place night before last, wasn't



GAMES THEY NEVER PLAY.—II.

LITTLE SALLY WATERS.

marred by anything except the absence of the groom, which could be easily accounted for by the fact that when we found him, after considerable search, he was down in a holler tree, associatin' with a passel of hornets, or suthin'.

He had just simply slid off into the tall woods before he s'posed it was everlastin'ly too late, and clumb a tree to be out of the way, and in twistin' around to ease his conscience slipped down inside of the tree, and he said that while he had been a bachelor for quite a spell, and had approached the ordeal, as he called it, with considerable reluctance, he now reckoned, all things considered, that he preferred to be pulled out and go back and marry like a lamb to the slaughter, or any other darned thing we pleased, considerin' the fact that he shrewdly suspected that there was a snake in there with him, and he said it so loud and hearty that it 'peared like he must have meant it."

"Well, as I don't know nuthin' that you could scarcely write a piece about, I reckon I'll be sorter startin' for home. Sorry I can't tell you no news, but you see how it is. Don't 'pear to be nuthin' of interest goin' on out my way. Used t' be sorter lively locality. Dunno fur the life o' me what's got into it lately." *Tom P. Morgan.*



NEW ANSWERS TO OLD QUESTIONS.

"Are these peaches good?"

"No, Madam; we've had 'em around the shop here for nearly a week, and they weren't very good to begin with. They're even worse at the bottom of the basket. You'll find lovely peaches at Peck's, up the street."

PUCK



AT OSSINING-ON-HUDSON.

SUMMER GUEST (*peevishly*).—De souvenir postcards are all t' de punk at dis'here place. Dey ain't in it wid de ones yer kin git at Joliet or Snake Hill.

NEWPORT NOTHINGS.

(*Special Despatch to the N. Y. Herald.*)



NEWPORT, R. I., Sunday.—It may be a coincidence, but it is none the less interesting, that since Mrs. Alfred G. Vanderbilt, though smartly gowned, chose to discard gloves as a part of her costume on the occasion of her charity fête on Wednesday several young society girls have appeared walking and driving without the usual covering of kid for their hands and forearms.

(*Special Despatch to PUCK.*)

NEWPORT, R. I., Monday.—Possibly the hot weather had something to do with it, but it is rather interesting that since Mrs. Van Fisher chose to omit her usual lingerie, several of our smartest maids have presented an unusually sylph-like appearance.

NEWPORT, R. I., Tuesday.—It may have been absentmindedness on the part of Larry Hehr, but since it got out that he appeared at a lawn fête without his knee-lengths, this hitherto popular garment has been practically neglected.

NEWPORT, R. I., Wednesday.—A vagrant breeze having revealed the absorbingly interesting fact that Miss Lily Bart had a hole in her right stocking, it is now quite the thing to exhibit a peekaboo spot of pink.

NEWPORT, R. I., Thursday.—Of course it may be the merest coincidence, but from the afternoon that Mrs. G. Watt Munn, smartly gowned, appeared at a tennis tea with all her autohooks unfastened, our swaggiest matrons have attracted an unusual amount of scrutiny.

NEWPORT, R. I., Friday.—At a recent charity fête, Lord Myword, of Oodlesdough House, Stoke-Pudgy, Puddleford-on-Tyne, England, appeared without his monocle. Since this never-to-be-forgotten day all the men here have purchased monocles for the purpose of leaving them off. Biffany's is three weeks behind on orders.

NEWPORT, R. I., Saturday.—Young Jack Assjack created a sensation on the promenade this afternoon by appearing with his socks wrong side out—the result, it is suspected, of a champagne hang-over. Be that as it may, it has set the pace for our smartest bachelor dressers. More drool anon.



"OF THE MAKING OF MAGAZINES."

PROSPECTIVE CUSTOMER.—Have you the *Uptonow Magazine*?

NEWS STAND PROPRIETOR (*to assistant*).—Billy, refer to your index and see if we have the *Uptonow*?

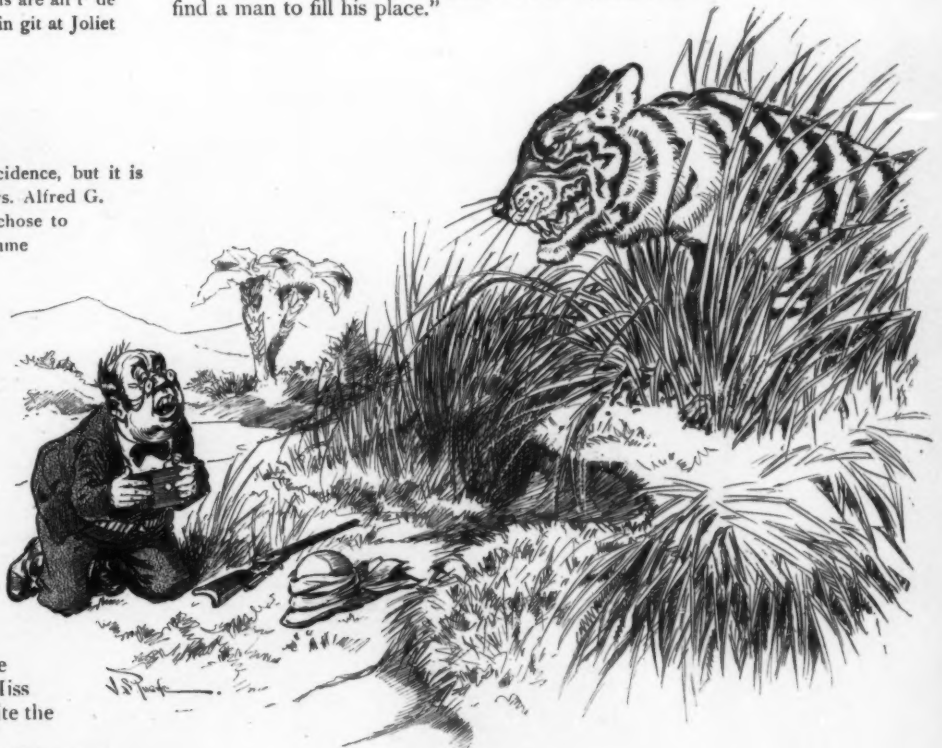
SUMMER MOTHER GOOSE.

SING a song of six-pence
Or, if you wish, a dime;
The last is more American—
And then I need the rhyme.
And when you've got this silver piece,
Just order up a stein—
Got to with songsome black-bird pies—
The frosty stein for mine!

THE WAY IT WORKS.

"SLOWBOY has been slaving away at that desk for twenty years or so. Wonder why he's never been promoted."

"Why, he's always taken a pride in doing more than he's paid for, and his employers have been afraid they couldn't find a man to fill his place."



HUMANE.

BIG GAME AMATEUR (*with great presence of mind*).—Really, you do me an injustice when you glare at me like that. I—I do all my hunting with a camera.

It is not necessarily pot-luck to hold the requisite openers.



Check your Weapons here

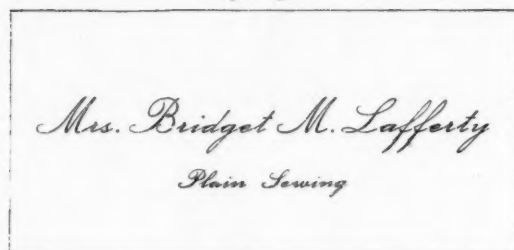


THE PEACE CONGRESS.

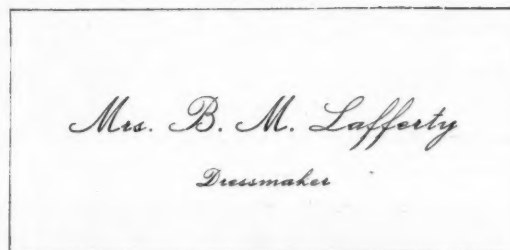
PUCK

A TWENTIETH-CENTURY EVOLUTION.

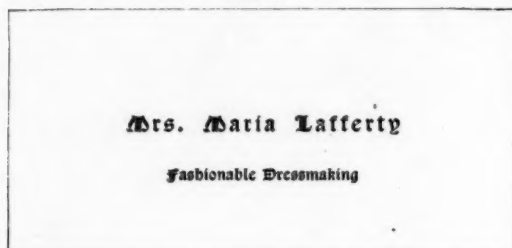
1900-1901.



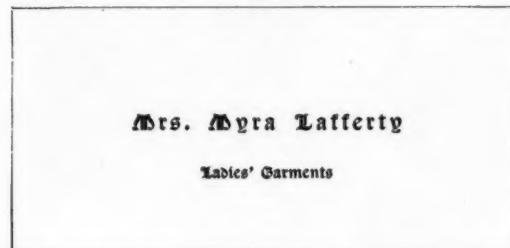
1902-1903.



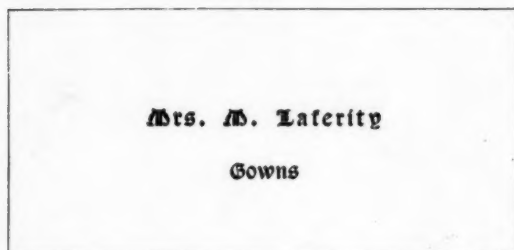
1904.



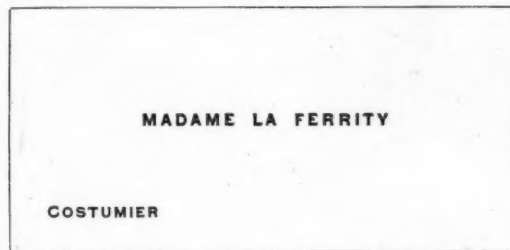
1905.



1906.



1907.



W. F. S.

THE GARDEN OF A COMMUTER.

WHEN Smith, the commuter, read in his garden-book how much could be raised from a garden, he cursed his stupidity, and began to consider, more seriously than ever before in his life, what sort of a motor-car he would rather have.

He owned, not in fee, but in the sufficient manner of his kind, a lot of what went by the name of land in the advertisements. It was forty feet wide and a hundred feet long.

"Plenty big enough!" chuckled Smith.

The soil was already a stiff blend of tin cans, coal-ashes and plaster, but in order to forestall any possibility of failure, Smith had a few additional loads of these admirable elements hauled in.

"No use scimping," quoth he.

Then he sowed wheat. Wheat is easy to raise. You simply have to keep the weeds out and wrap the stalks in flannel when the nights are cold, and you cannot possibly fail of a harvest.

Smith threshed a few pecks more than a hundred thousand bushels, and it was all No. 1 hard. He sold out at 94. He would have got a higher figure, only that a hired girl they let go told what she knew, giving rise to a quantity of bear rumors. But after all, it was enough. They could buy them a car built abroad and still have money left.

The next year all the commuters raised wheat, and the enormous yield battered the price down to 3 cents a bushel, showing that prosperity is reserved for the few who, like Smith, get in on the ground floor.

RESTRICTED.

THERE are only seven miles of railroad in operation in the whole of Persia."

"Too bad!" commented the Hon. Thomas Rott. "It must be mighty hard for a politician to make a living in Persia."



THE HARD PART.

ABNER APPLEDRY.—Well, Jay, how'd ye like it up t' the city?

JAY GREEN.—Aw, it was all right enough, most ways, but what bothered me most was tryin' to look at everybody I met on the street.

PUCK



THE WIRELESS TICKER.

A COMING CONVENIENCE FOR BROKERS ON VACATION.



SHE'S HERE, BUT —

YOU COME, a symphony of grace
On tiptoe airy, light,
All care you scatter into space
And make the world more bright
About this grand
Old breezy strand
As swift the days take flight.

Spell-bound on rapture's golden wings
To fairyland away
We soar, although our spirit sings:
"You're here, you're here to-day,
Beside the sea
That rolls in glee,
You're here, but will you stay?"

Oh, will you sweetly linger long
And make our fancies whirl
Unto the music of your song
Whose every note's a pearl
Which matched can't be
In any sea,
Oh, summer servant girl!

R. K. Munkittrick.

FULL ASSURANCE.

OLD AUNT MIASMA.—Howdy, Gladys! Howdy, chile! I yeahs tell dat yo' am uh-gwine to marry dat 'ar Cla'ence Swagg?
MISS GLADYS GUGGLES.—Yes'm!—Me and Cla'ence is gwine to sasshay fo'th hand in hand on de stawmy sea o' mat'imony. De

obsequies am fixed for next Friday evenin', and I's as happy as de day is long, right now!

OLD AUNT MIASMA.—Uh-huh! Well, I admires to see yo' 'joyin' de pangs of anticipation and I sho'ly hopes de retaliation will be de same. But—ah-Lawd!—dese men, dese men! I's done been mar'd to no less'n five o' de scoun'rels in muh time, gal, and yo' kain't place no mo' oppendence on 'em dan so many eels, dey's dat deternal slippery! Dey talks and dey transplavicates, and swars by de moon and stahs dat dey'll be true, but when yo' thinks yo' has 'em—*Bim!*—and dey's gone fum yo'! Woman was made to moan, and man was made to see dat she does moan. U-m-m-m—ah!

MISS GLADYS GUGGLES.—Yas'm! I organizes right smaht 'bout dat, muhse'f, uh-kaze I's done been fooled dat-uh-way a few times a'ready. I had muh doubts o' Cla'ence, 'spite-uh his protoplams of undyin' 'fection, twell he took and jammed muh head against de wall wid a ferocity dat jarred de house, and den I knowed de man r'ally loved me. Yas'm, den I knowed it.

Tom P. Morgan.



ANIMAL FASHIONS.

MORNING DRESS FOR OSTRICHES, AS WORN IN THE PARIS ZOO.

Even the pessimist will admit that, if it were not for the sunny days, we couldn't truly appreciate the cloudy ones.

LIQUEUR PÈRES CHARTREUX

—GREEN AND YELLOW—

Known as Chartreuse



The
Highest Grade
After-Dinner
Liqueur

The only cordial made by the Carthusian Monks, who have securely guarded the secret of its manufacture for hundreds of years and who alone possess a knowledge of the elements of this delicious nectar.

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés.
Bâtjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y.,
Sole Agents for United States.

Shine on!
It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish lasts, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. See 1 lb. box. For sale by drug stores and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 205 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Bar Keeper's Friend

Wilson -

For guarantee of purity,
see back label on every bottle;

That's All!



SLIM CHANCES.

INJURED MAN.—What do you think of my chances, doctor?
PHYSICIAN.—Well, the internal injury will, undoubtedly, prove fatal; but (*encouragingly*) you have nothing to fear from the broken arm!

For busy men and women—Abbott's Bitters. A delightful tonic and invigorator—a health giver and a health preserver. All druggists.

WATERED.

"Why, this paper is damp yet, my boy!" said the man to the New York newsboy.
"Yes, sir," replied the knowing boy; "it's the Wall Street edition, sir."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

DR. SIEGERT'S
ANGOSTURA
BITTERS

Laden with the aromatic fragrance of the tropics, these bitters have a tonic value that has given them an unexampled popularity as an appetizer and stomachic. A liqueur glass before meals is the connoisseur's delight. 23 Awards at principal Expositions. Send for free book of recipes.
J. W. WUPPERMANN
44 W. 34th St. New York

A TONIC OF
EXQUISITE
FLAVOR

He is truly a wise father who brings up his children as if they belonged to some one else.—*Chicago Daily News.*

Banquets

and dinners are satisfactory only when the wine is satisfactory.



GREAT WESTERN CHAMPAGNE

—the Standard of American Wines

Is the banquet wine *par excellence*. It is the favorite in the homes where the choicest of everything is demanded.

"Of the six American Champagnes exhibited at the Paris Exposition of 1900, the GREAT WESTERN was the only one that received a GOLD MEDAL."

PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO.
Sole Makers, - Rheims, N.Y.

Sold by respectable wine dealers everywhere.

Puck Proofs



THE ETERNAL QUESTION—
"Which Gown Shall I Wear?"

By Leighton Budd.

Photogravure in Black, 8 x 11 in.

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.



LEFT AT HOME.

By "O'Neill."

Photogravure in Black, 11 x 8 in.

PRICE 25 CENTS.



HIS SUCCESSOR.

By Stuart Travis.

Photogravure in Sepia, 10 x 15 in.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR.



THEIR FIRST QUARREL

By "O'Neill."

Photogravure in Black, 11 x 8 in.

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

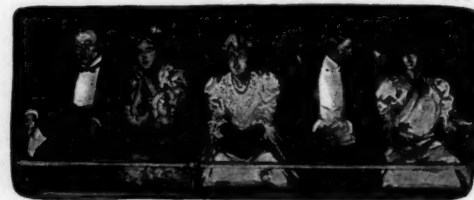


EVOLUTION OF THE ENGAGEMENT RING.

By Shef Clarke.

photogravure in Black, 12x9 in.

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.



THE LOVE SCENE.

By Gordon H. Grant.

Photo Gelatine Print, 12 x 9 in.

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

THESE are a few examples of the PUCK PROOFS. Send Ten Cents for Catalogue with over Seventy Miniature Reproductions.

Art Stores and Dealers supplied by
THE ANDERSON PUBLISHING CO., 32 Union Square, N. Y.

Address PUCK, New York, 295-309 Lafayette St.



A
SINGLE ORDER
OF
BOTTLES
FOR

HUNTER WHISKEY

IF PLACED END TO END
WOULD REACH FROM

BALTIMORE
TO
CHICAGO

THIS GIVES SOME IDEA
OF THE MAGNITUDE
OF ITS POPULARITY



Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

CHANCES are against the man who
never takes chances.—*Chic. Daily News.*



Order Club Cocktails

for refreshment
on your Outing.
DELICIOUS, SATISFYING
AND GENTLY
STIMULATING

Thousands have
discarded the
idea of making
their own cocktails
—all will after
giving the CLUB
COCKTAILS a fair
trial. Scientifically

blended from the choicest
old liquors and mellowed with
age make them the perfect cocktails they are.
The following label appears on every bottle.

Guaranteed under the National Pure Food and Drugs
Act, approved June 30th, 1906. Serial No. 1707.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors
HARTFORD NEW YORK LONDON

Why this delay, Walter? The ice
ought to be pretty mushy around the
North Pole just now. — *St. Joseph
News-Press.*

The souvenir postal card fiend will
be glad to hear that Detroit is to get
five new sub-postoffice stations. —
Detroit Free Press.

IT PAYS.

"How do you find things out this
way?" asked the stranger.

"By advertising for 'em," was the
prompt reply of the native. — *Detroit
Free Press.*

A MAN with curly hair has as many
excuses for keeping his hat off as a
bald man has for keeping his on. —
Chicago Daily News.



IN spite of the many imitations,
"LUCKY STRIKE" has the
solid seal of public approval, and
is the largest selling brand of sliced
cut tobacco in the world.

LUCKY STRIKE Sliced Plug Pipe Tobacco

Never varies in quality, smokes
evenly, is cool to the end, with no
waste, and its fragrance commends
it to all. Economical and lasting.
Pocket size, tin box, 10c.



DEAD.

"Silas Kidder has just answered my
letter," said the country editor's assist-
ant. "You know, I wrote to him and
told him his subscription had expired."
"What does he say?" asked the
editor.

"Dumbed if I know. He just sent
my letter back with some Italian words
scrawled on the bottom of it. Looks
like 'requiscat in pace.'" — *Catholic
Standard and Times.*

THEY have succeeded in killing a
"wild man" in Indiana. Strangely
enough, he did not have a copy of
a historical novel in his pocket. — *Chi-
cago News.*

A Law of the Land

known as the Bottling in Bond Act, pro-
vides the public with a certain method
of distinguishing REAL whiskey
from adulterated or impure
whiskies.

Over the
neck of
each bot-
tle of

Sunny Brook THE PURE FOOD Whiskey

will be found the Bottled in Bond Green Stamp upon which the Govern-
ment has had printed the exact Age, Strength and Quantity of whiskey in
the bottle. This Green Stamp is only found on whiskey that has been bot-
tled under the direct supervision of U. S. Internal Revenue Officers.
When in need of a stimulant, demand Sunny Brook, because then you will
KNOW that you are getting pure, natural whiskey, distilled, aged and mellowed in the good
old Kentucky way.

Sold by all First-class Dealers.



A DARK OUTLOOK.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
Invaluable in the Home and Office.

THOUSAND ISLANDS—A Night's Ride from New York or Boston—By NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES.

IVER JOHNSON

SAFETY AUTOMATIC REVOLVER



A revolver that can be discharged in any other way than by pulling the trigger is a mechanical absurdity as well as a constant danger.

The things you can do to an Iver Johnson Safety Automatic Revolver without discharging it would keep you busy all day. The one thing you can't do to it is—fire it in any other way whatever than by pulling the trigger.

Handsome in appearance, made in many styles—like a rifle for accuracy—hard-hitting and speedy—but always safe to handle.

Send for "SHOTS," a booklet about absolutely safe revolvers, and our illustrated catalogue of superior firearms.

Iver Johnson Safety Hammer Revolver 3-in. barrel, nickel-plated finish, 22 rim-fire cartridge, 32-36 center-fire cartridge **\$6**

Iver Johnson Safety Hammerless Revolver 3-in. barrel, nickel-plated finish, 32-36 center-fire cartridge **\$7**

For sale by Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers everywhere, or will be sent prepaid on receipt of price if your dealer will not supply. Look for the owl's head on the grip and our name on the barrel.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS, 152 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.

NEW YORK: 90 Chambers Street. HAMBURG, GERMANY: Pickhuben 4.

PACIFIC COAST: 1346 Park St., Alameda, Cal. LONDON, ENGLAND: 17 Mincing Lane, E. C.

Makers of Iver Johnson Single Barrel Shotguns and Iver Johnson Truss Bridge Bicycles

SOUNDS THAT WAY.

THE MOTHER.—Isn't the baby growing, dear? Oozie goozie is oo! We'll make a great man of him, dear!

THE FATHER.—Well, from the way you talk to the little chap I think you're trying to make a car-conductor of him!—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Pearl's Soap beautifies the complexion, keeps the hands white and fair, and imparts a constant bloom of freshness to the skin. As it is the best and lasts longest, it is the cheapest.

NOCTURNAL.

The man who talks of "seeing life" Must have peculiar sight. For life is only visible, He seems to think, at night. —*Catholic Standard and Times*.

CHARITY.

"I understand you refused to accept a gift from my daughter, Sam?" "Yes, sah; I did, sah!" "You looked upon it as charity, I suppose, Sam?" "Yes, sah; and I's ob de opinion dat no man has a right to accept charity when his wife's got work, sah!" —*Yonkers Statesman*.

WHAT HE MIGHT DO.

Even Luther Burbank hasn't yet succeeded in grafting the milk weed to the strawberry plant and producing strawberries and cream. —*Somerville Journal*.

Don't forget that Box of

Kuyler's CANDIES

Unsurpassed

FOR YOUR FAMILY or FRIENDS in the Country

CALL-MAIL or PHONE YOUR ORDERS

WE WILL ALSO PROMPTLY Ship by MAIL or EXPRESS if you desire.

HOW ABOUT YOUR VACATION? YOU KNOW WHAT PLEASURE A BOX OF

Kuyler's brings.

20 STORES Greater New York

SALES AGENTS EVERYWHERE



AT THE SUMMER TABLE D'HÔTE.

DINER (sternly).—Waiter, I didn't order that spider.

WAITER (flustered).—Oh, beg parding, sir. I thought it was a caterpillar.

Cellarette, side-board, sleeping-car or ocean steamer kit is incomplete without Abbott's Bitters. Adds zest and flavor, aids digestion.

Bunner's Short Stories

SHORT SIXES

They will delight all sorts and conditions of readers. —*Pittsburgh Dispatch*.

MADE IN FRANCE

Though the creations are de Maupassant's the style is Bunner's, and we are well acquainted with that quaint humor and originality. —*Detroit Free Press*.

THE RUNAWAY BROWNS

Will bring more than one hearty laugh even from those unused to smile. —*N. Y. S. Bulletin*.

MORE SHORT SIXES

You smile over their delicious absurdities, perhaps, but never roar because they are "awfully funny." —*Boston Times*.

THE SUBURBAN SAGE

Mr. Bunner in the present volume writes in his most happy mood. —*Boston Times*.

PRICE, in Cloth :: :: \$1.00 per Volume

For sale by all Booksellers, or by mail from the Publishers on receipt of price.

Address: PUCK, 295-309 Lafayette Street, New York.



H. C. Bunner

Boat Trips are Appetizers
and Thirst Producers

EVANS' ALE

Is as delightful afloat as ashore

Knocking around
won't hurt it



HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS
PAPER WAREHOUSE,

52, 54 and 56 Bloeker Street,
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman Street, NEW YORK.
All kinds of Paper made to order.

BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

TEMPTATION.

"You should not give way when tempted, young man," said the rich man.

"Why, were you ever tempted to give anything away?" asked the young man.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

CATCHING A TARTAR.

BACON.—A lady of Tartar will rub a piece of freshly-cut onion on her hands and over her countenance to enhance her attractions.

EGBERT.—That gives me an idea of what it means for a man to get a Tartar for a wife.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

In a little while the Koreans will be wearing trousers and patent-leather shoes like other people.—*Wash. Star*.

ACTIONS and some people's clothes speak louder than words.—*Chicago Daily News*.

"When you do drink, drink Trimble"



"The peer I don't envy,
I'll give him his bow;
I scorn not the peasant
Though ever so low;
But a club of good fellows,
Like those that are here,
And a bottle like this,
Are my glory and cheer."
—*BUTLER*.

Trimble
Whiskey
Green Label.

SOLE PROPRIETORS
WHITE, HENTZ & CO.
Phila. and New York

AT ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS

ESTABLISHED
1793

THE PEOPLE'S WAY.

A man who kicked and a man who didn't together set out one day,
And the man who kicked could be heard complaining forever along the way,
And the people frowned when they saw him coming, and gladly they saw him go,
But always he got the things he wanted, for letting the people know.

The man who never was heard complaining got much of the people's praise,
And they gladly smiled when they saw him coming, because of his cheerful ways;
But they let him pass with his pockets empty, for the people are still inclined
To forget the needs of the patient workers who never appear to mind.

—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

Williams' Shaving Soap

"The only kind that won't smart or dry on the face"

It's under the chin that there is apt to be irritation. Hence the necessity of a pure, safe, soothing soap. That means WILLIAMS'.

May be had in the form of Shaving Sticks or Shaving Tablets.

BUT suppose that Chicago professor is right, and women will eventually have beards? By the time they get them it is a cinch that some genius will have invented a perfectly lovely Marcel wave for them.—*Indianapolis News*.

FINE feathers sometimes make millionaires of milliners.—*Chicago Daily News*.

OUT TO-DAY!

Puck's Monthly
Magazine No. 32

—FOR—
AUGUST

Brimful of Fun from Cover to Cover

Over Seventy Illustrations

—by the—

BEST COMIC ARTISTS

Price Ten Cents per Copy

All newsdealers, or by mail from the publishers on receipt of price

Address PUCK, NEW YORK

OUT TO-DAY!

THE HOMING GIRL.

'Twas the gran' time the girls had at Katie Breen's th'-day
To send off wid God-speed her cousin, Mary Carr,
Fur 'tis Mary is the wise girl that laid away her pay,
An' now she's fur the ould home away in Castlebar.
'Twas Katie Breen, the good soul, that got the party up
An' passed 'round the kind word fur ivry one to come,
Fur th' ould frinds to drop in an' have a bite an' sup,
An' cheer the heart o' Mary Carr before she started home.
'Twas mesel' came whin Mary came this manny year ago,
So gladly an' proudly I wint th'-day to cill,
An' I walked in me fine clo'es wid Patrick Kane, me beau;
But now I am the sorry girl I iver wint at all.

Shure, Mary Carr's the plain thing, an' timid as a mouse—
'Tis small wonder no man had iver liked her style—
But the sorra wan of all thim that gathered in the house
Had the half o' the happiness that twinkled in her smile,
Whin she spoke o' the ould joys she'd dreamed so much about—
The green grass, the glad birds, the blessed Irish sky.
Thin wan girl, a young girl that hadn't long been out,
She flung up her two han's an' O! but she did cry.
The girls looked at Mary Carr an' all their eyes were dim,
An' I looked at Patrick Kane a-standin' be the wall,
There was pride, aye! an' comfort in the thought o' havin' him,
But O! I was the sorry girl I'd iver come at all.

An' walkin' home, the two of us, he axed me why I cried.
"Shure," sez I, "who wouldn't cry fur sake o' Mary Carr?"
O! it was the black lie, an' shure, I knew I lied—
Not a wan of me tears but fell fur Castlebar!
'Twas Mary Carr that came wid me this manny year ago,
Now 'tis she that's turnin' back an bound fur home alone.
Still, should I be grudgin' her the ould delights she'll know?
Haven't I a newer joy an' sweeter fur me own?
O! Patrick Kane's the good man an' fond as wan could be:
An' shure I was the proud girl that walked wid him to call
On Mary Carr that's not the half as fortunit as me—
But O! I am the sorry girl I iver wint at all.—*Catholic Stan. and Times*.

HIS VOW.

PATIENCE.—Did he ever take any marriage vows?
PATRICE.—Oh, yes; he vowed he'd never get married!—*Yonkers Statesman*.

LOCAL pastors played an interesting game of ball, but their coaching-line language is said to have been weak.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

PUCK PROOFS

Photogravures from PUCK



WHEW!

"If this isn't the hottest day we've had, I'll eat my hat."
By Merle Johnson.

Photo Gelatine Print, 8 x 12 in. PRICE 25 CENTS.

This is but one example of the PUCK PROOFS. Send 10 cents for Catalogue with over 70 Miniature Reproductions.

Address PUCK, New York, 295-309 Lafayette St.

SUMMER BOARDING HOUSE ATHLETICS.

START OF THE DAILY DINNER DASH.

